

Stalemate

by Earth Firefly

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Summary: What harm can a chess game bring? The loss of Ami's virginity, of course...

Stalemate

STALEMATE ~ A BISHOUJO SSENSHI SAILORMOON FANFIC

>written by earth firefly-sama

>*****

>Disclaimers: All characters from Sailormoon potrayed here are not mine
and never will be, I am sure. I am just playing with them for a little

>while, and I promise I won't hurt them ^_^. Anyway, don't sue me if
you're some guy from Toei or something like that, 'cause I ain't got

>any money grin. Enjoy the story. I worked hard for it.

>And please excuse me when I use the word :nerd:. I don't mean to insult
anybody. I just think Ami is cute described that way. ^_^

>

>
 It was another usual day at the library. Mizuno Ami, with her

>thick glasses on and looking like a cute nerd as usual, was busy
stamping people's cards so that she could go home early and get on

>Einstein. She had just gotten the job last summer so that she would have
something else to do in her spare time rather than having her nose stuck

>in a computer monitor. The amount of time she spent on the Net worried
her, and it was good that she spent her time in a library. She loved

>books just as much as a child would love double scoops of chocolate
chip ice cream, with chocolate syrup toppings of course. In other words,

>she was perfect for the job. Her supervisor, the eternally young at
heart Miss Winters, was a warm person and basically get along well

>enough with her. Miss Winters had personally dubbed Ami as her

pet
librarian, and Ami wasn't exactly NOT flattered. It was nice to have

>Miss Winters treat her as her own daughter. Ami didn't get enough of
that at home, but she wasn't blaming anybody.

>
 Especially not her mother. She loved her mother as if she would

>die if she didn't.

> Ami was jerked back to the present when a voice interrupted her
thoughts. She realised that she had been working on auto-mode, as if

>she had programmed herself to go on auto-pilot and let her muscles
work away while her mind floated towards the other corner of the Milky

>Way. In one hand was someone's library card, and in the other hand
was a stamp pad. After a few seconds of blinking and pulling herself

>back to earth, she realised what she had done. Instead of stamping
the return date on the slip of paper stuck on the inside cover of the

>book, she had stamped on her hand, and NOT NOTICED IT. A shade of red
crept around her nose and she felt her allergies acting up.

Boy, was

>she embarrassed, and she looked up to see how serious had the damage
been done.

>
 Ugh. Yuck. Not him.

>
 "Not you," she groaned as she saw who it was. She turned her

>attention back to where it was supposed to be and stamped the return
date on the card this time. "What are you doing here?"

>
 The person Ami was talking to was obviously a male adolescent

>who had learnt about the nasty by peeking in his older brother's
Playboy soon after he started having pimples. He had a grin so big

>it might as well be a naughty smile. He leaned forward on the counter
and sniffed at the air as though he suddenly smelt pizza in her

>drawer. "Ami," he said, with a note of amazement in his voice.

"Did
you change your shampoo or something? Something about you smells

>great."

> Ami winced. "I know that is supposed to be a compliment, but
coming from you, I feel as though I have to feed my dog steroids

>tonight," She paused and handed the book back to him. "You still
hadn't answered my question, Shigure."

>
 He spread his arms. "Isn't it obvious? It's time for our chess

>match again. You forgot, Four Eyes,"

> Ami sighed. She had hoped that he would forget, but looks like
she was going home late again today. "I didn't forget, Dork. I was

>just wondering what the hell I am doing with a guy like you. I mean,
I could do better."

>
 Shigure's face took a change of expression, and Ami was curious.

>On Shigure, the look made him look ridiculous, for he looked serious
all of a sudden. He frowned. "Do you really mean that, Ami?"

>
 Ami didn't pay much thought to her reply. "Of course I mean it.

>Now, bug off. You're holding up the line."

> Later, when it was already night and Ami had finished stamping

the cards and told Miss Winters that she was splitting, she made
her

>way over to Shigure who sat on one of the chairs beside the main
doors.
He always waited for her, every Wednesday, and not because
he wanted

>to walk her home or anything romantic like that. She never thought

that Shigure and her could have that sort of thing going on. To
her,

>Shigure was more like an opponent, and it was true. They played
chess
every Wednesday, and every week she killed him one hour
into the game.

>But as of late, Shigure was getting pretty good, and it frightened
her.
It scared her to think what would happen if he were to
suddenly beat her.

>
 Obviously there was more to the game than meets the eye.

>
 It wasn't exactly love at first sight the first time Ami met
him,

>at least not to her. Ami was only into her second week at the
library
when Shigure walked in and told her that he loved her. Of
course, being

>the sensible person she is, she didn't believe him and told him
where
to stuff it. He laughed and said that he meant to take her
on a date, and

>they had only introduced each other two minutes earlier. Ami then
told him
to take a hike, but he had challenged her to a chess
match and if he won,

>she would have to go out with him. If she won, he would go away. At

least that's what he said. He still came back, demanding that
they play

>again. She went along with him because she didn't see any
possibility
of him winning since she was so good at it. Besides,
it would be nice

>to play with someone. She had gotten bored playing both sides of the

game. Never once did she think that he would beat her in chess.

>
 That was almost six months ago. And she won every time.

>
 But now that Shigure seemed to be improving, she began to get

>worried. For a lot of reasons.

> To name a few, she still wasn't sure of her feelings for
him.
Sure, at first she was annoyed every time Shigure came to
pick her up

>for the game, but as time passed by she found herself looking
forward
to his visits. Ami didn't like that. She'd rather not get
into a

>relationship now, not when she was about to graduate and about to
enter
a college. She had ambition and planned to achieve it. She
wasn't

>sure if she could handle college AND a boyfriend at the same
time.
Shigure sure wasn't displaying any signs of letting up, and
so she

>kept right on worrying.

> "Where are we playing this time?" Ami asked. "Your place or

mine?" To a casual observer, she would sound as if she was
inviting

>Shigure over to her place to do things best not discussed, but that
>wasn't the case. They always played at weird places like the park (at
>night), but lately they always played at her his house. They were
>beginning to act like boyfriendgirlfriend, and Ami regretted even
>asking the question. She preferred the park above everything else,
>never mind it was night and it was improper to be outside with a guy
>who obviously had his glands on his brains.
> Shigure shrugged. "I don't know."
> Ami was slightly surprised. "You don't know?" He always knew
>where to go.
>
 "I thought that maybe we should get something to eat, or
>something," he said, shrugging again. It was to be his habit, Ami
>noticed. She blinked at him in the dark, but she didn't think he
>could see her. They had never eaten out together before.
> "Well, I am kinda hungry--" At that precise moment, Ami's
>stomach decided to emphasize on her statement by producing an
>embarrassing growl.
> He laughed at her. "That's settled it, then. Let's go and have a
>romantic dinner for two."
>
 He took her to McDonald's. She wasn't surprised. She had a
>McChicken burger, fries and a tall Coke. He, on the other hand,
>seemed to be hungrier than she was. He had two Big Macs and Coke.
>He even helped her to finish her drink. Ami couldn't understand
>him. He was like one giant baby who looked like he needed his
>mama all the time and still know enough about the things that
>could exist between a healthy boy and a female in heat. She had to shake
>herself at the last thought. She reminded herself that she was not,
>and will not be one of those, regardless of the remarks Shigure
>throw at her.
> "Where do you want to play?" Ami asked, staring at Shigure as he
>wolfed down his food. Shigure swallowed and gulped down his
>Coke.
> "Any place in mind?" he asked back, his eyes watching her.
> They decided to play the game right there, in McDonald's.
>
Shigure thought it would be cool to play where everyone could see
>them. Ami interpreted it differently. She knew that Shigure wanted
>everyone to see that they were together, as in, TOGETHER. But she
>didn't disagree. She just wanted to finish the game and go back home
>where she could get some sleep.
>
 "Take out the board and let's get this over with," Ami muttered.
>

>
 Three hours later, we find Ami and Shigure still in McDonald's.
>They were still playing, both pair of eyes intent on the

black-and-white chess board. Ami, in particular, found herself nervous and perspiring
>even though the joint had air-conditioning. She couldn't believe how
Shigure managed to predict her moves, it was almost as if he underwent a
>massive transformation in the last week and it looked like he could beat
her this time. He wore a silly smile on his face, obviously enjoying
her anxiety.
> "You look nervous, child," Shigure said in a mocking tone.
> "I am not nervous, I am just sleepy," Ami snapped, not exactly lying when she said that she was tired. Shigure moved his one and only
>rook; a dangerous move considering that he was ridding his king of protection. He still had his queen and so did she, and the game seemed like it would never end.
> "I betcha wanna go home and climb into your bed, right?" Shigure said, his eyes again on her face. He was watching her tonight, she wasn't sure, but he did it often. Ami found herself fidgeting under his stare.
>
 "Yes, that's true. I wanna go to bed," she admitted, yawning.

>She moved her rook; it seemed like the wisest thing to do.
> Shigure smiled at her move. "Can I go to bed with you?" he asked, a bit excitedly.
>
 Ami had to smile. "No. You still haven't beaten me in this game."
>
 Shigure was interested. "Are you saying that if I beat you tonight, you'll let me sleep with you?"
> Ami didn't know what was wrong with her, it must be because she was tired. Or else somebody had spiked her coffee with something.

>She nodded sleepily. "Of course. I won't even protest."
> There was a REALLY big smile on Shigure's face. "Well, in that case--" He paused while he moved his bishop and attacked her king.
> "I can't refuse that kind of offer," He looked up at her and raised an eyebrow. "I won."
>
 Ami had to blink. What did he say? Did he say--no, it can't be.

>She never lost, not to him. He must be joking. But when she looked at her fallen king, she realised that she had indeed lost. She had moved
her knight earlier, and somehow she didn't realise that she had allowed Shigure access to her king. Ami couldn't believe it. She had lost. She lost.
> Ami looked at Shigure.
> "I-I," she stammered. Shigure laughed at her.
> "Keep your word, girl. I'll come back next week, same time." Then we'll see what happens," He stood and collected his things.
> "As of right now, I'll go home and celebrate my victory. I can't believe you did that mistake, Ami. It was too easy."
>
 Ami managed to get a grip on herself. She felt angry, more at herself than at him. "That's Ami-san to you," she muttered.
> Shigure grinned. "Whatever you say, honey," He turned and

walked towards the exit. "'Bye!'"
>
 Ami fell back against the seat. She can't believe it.
>
 Her fear returned like a wham when she remembered the promise

>she had made.
> She closed her eyes and groaned.
>*****
> Ami was quiet the next day at school. She didn't exactly feel like
socialising with anybody today, and kept to herself most of the time.
>She didn't take lunch, disappeared during P.E (which was incredible
since the teacher always made sure Ami was present for her class), and
>did not materialise during Chemistry. To this Usagi was shocked; Ami
missed the class as often as Usagi studied willingly, which was never.
>Usagi wasn't embarrassed at the simile she just used, but she was worried.
Ami would never play truant. So that would mean that she was at home,
>possibly ill, and who knows what's wrong with Ami since her own mother
was hardly home...
>
 Usagi couldn't help herself. She decided to find Ami before

>calling the hospital to check with Ami's mother.
> She did find Ami, after a long search. Ami was sitting under a
tree at the south-end of the building, sipping milk and staring at
>nothing in particular. Usagi approached her slowly. Ami didn't turn
until Usagi was practically on top of her.
>
 "Konnichiwa," Usagi greeted, sitting down beside Ami on the grass.
>She gestured to her books beside her. "Studying?"
> "Hmm," Ami answered, her eyes focusing on goodness knows what.

> Usagi cut to the chase. She laid a hand on her friend's shoulder.
"What's wrong, Ami-chan?"
>
 Ami turned and looked at her then, a small smile appearing on her
face. She sighed. "I don't know how to tell you this, Usagi-chan,"
> "Try me," Usagi said.
> "Well," Ami began, but stopped. She gazed at Usagi and frowned
slightly. "Are you a virgin, Usagi-chan?"
>
 Usagi blushed bright red. "W-Wow! That's a personal question if I
ever heard one!"
> Ami blushed in turn. "I'm sorry. I just wanted to know--"
> "No," Usagi interrupted. "I mean, I'm not. I mean, I used to be,
but now I'm not," She smiled at Ami.
>
 Ami blinked. "Was it with Mamoru-san?"
>
 Usagi turned a darker shade of red. "Um, yeah."
>
 Ami shook her head. "I shouldn't pry. It is personal anyway. I
was just wondering..."
> "Ami-chan!" Usagi said in a stage whisper. "Are you trying to tell
me something? Are you saying--" She paused for effect. "That you're
no longer a virgin?"
> Ami blushed again. "No! I mean, I still am one," She stopped
and looked down. "But I might not be one anymore in a few days."

>
 "What do you mean?" Usagi said, her eyes going wide.
>
 "Well, you see," Ami began, feeling embarrassed. "There's this
guy who always comes over to the library where I work. He told
me
that if he beats me in a chess game, I would have to go out
with him.
>And yesterday, during a game, I said that I would--" Ami took a
deep
breath. "--that I would sleep with him if he won. And guess
what?"
>
 Usagi answered for her. "He won," she said softly.
>
 "Yeah," Ami said. "I was sleepy. I was careless. I was stupid."
>
 Usagi rubbed her friend's shoulder. "It's not that bad."
>
 "It is bad!" Ami exclaimed. "I mean, I don't even like this
guy!"

> "You don't?" Usagi said, surprised. "Then why did you play
along
with him?"
>
 Ami stopped. Yeah, why did she go along with him? She wasn't
sure. But Ami said the first thing that came to her mind.
"Because
I didn't think he could beat me," she said carefully.
>
 "I guess you can't convince him not to sleep with you?" Usagi
asked helpfully.

> Ami sighed. "I've thought of it. He wouldn't even budge. I
mean,
he's been trying to get into my pants for the past half-year."
>
 Usagi nodded, impressed. "He must really like you."
>
 "Well, it isn't exactly mutual," Ami mumbled.
>
 "Then," Usagi said, perking up suddenly. "The only thing you
can do is to just do it!"

> Ami stared at her friend as if she was mad. "Are you mad?"

> "No," Usagi said with exaggerated patience. "I mean, how is
he,
really? He isn't exactly a violent person, right? And from
the way you've been talking about him, I don't think he's all
that
bad. Come on, how bad can it be?"
>
 Ami shook her head. She wanted to say that not everyone was
like
Mamoru-san, but decided not to. "I wasn't telling you about
him.
How would you know if he's a good person or not?"
>
 "You tell me," Usagi said. "You've known him for some time now.
>I think you'd better think about it longer."

> Ami paused. Usagi had a point. Shigure wasn't a bad person,
he
was just another person who annoyed her. But even with his
bad table manners, he had good looks which somehow can make him
look
far intelligent than he really is. Shigure wasn't stupid; he
had all
A's and B's in all his subjects. It's just the fact that she
was
smarter than him that bothered her, a great deal.
>
 She had to stop thinking that way.
>
 Maybe there's more to Shigure than meets the eye.
>

>
 It was Wednesday. It was Judgement Day. It was THE DAY. Ami was
nervous, which was obvious even to Miss Winters. But she

didn't tell anyone, except for Usagi. Somehow the idea of telling everyone

>that she was going to lose her virginity tonight because she had practically offered herself didn't appeal to her. She wanted to keep

>it a secret, if possible, forever.
> Of course, she couldn't be sure that Shigure would shut up.
> He showed up at the library at exactly 8.00 p.m. To his credit, he was always punctual, one of the few good traits that she appreciated

>in him. As he led her to his car (which looked like it was rented), Ami decided to strike up a conversation. He didn't say much to her, except

>to say that she smelled great. Some things never change.
> "You look different tonight," she spoke up, letting Shigure open the front passenger door for her. He was being especially polite tonight.

>She couldn't blame him.
> He smiled as she climbed into the Ford. The interior looked new.
>Ami wondered if this car wasn't rented at all. "You already said that

>just now. I don't think you meant it," He walked briskly to the other side of the car and climbed in behind the wheel.
>
 "I meant it," Ami said sincerely. He DID look different. He had

>combed his hair (with a comb) and he had shaved. He was also dressed in black, which made him look very dashing since his whole appearance

>as a whole, reminded her of some black angel banished from heaven.
>Ami started. Where did that thought come from?

>
 Seven days earlier she compared him to babies, and now he looked

>like a young god to her.
> Ami wondered what happened to her.
> "Well, thanks," he said, smiling. He looked as though he had flossed as well. Thank goodness for small favours. She didn't think she

>would enjoy it if she tasted his lunch when he kissed her--no, she wouldn't think about that now.

>
 "Is this your own?" she said, referring to the car.

>
 Shigure nodded. "Yep. I just changed the interior a month ago.

>Do you like it?"
> It was interesting, the way he asked as if she liked it. It was almost like he was asking for her approval.

>
 "Yeah," she said, smiling. "It is nice."

>
 He took her to his place. She didn't know he could cook.

>Certainly he spent much of his time stuffing Big Macs in his face so she wondered where he had learnt to cook. Apparently he had worked

>as an intern at some restaurant. She didn't know that. Somehow she was impressed at the idea that this slob actually knew how to cook.

> After dinner (which was wonderful), they took a stroll in a nearby park. Ami believed that she had begun to relax, which was important. She

>found that she was actually enjoying it. They walked towards the lake, which was located at the center of it. Shigure sat on one of the benches,

>and Ami followed suit. The sky was black with many bright dots
decorating
them. They didn't speak for a while.
>
 Then Shigure spoke. "I don't suppose you know what that is," he
said,
>pointing to a particularly bright star.

> Ami nodded. "I do. That's Venus. I always spend my nights
studying
the sky."
>
 Shigure cocked his head to the side. "The Girl Genius is into

>astronomy. I didn't know. Maybe I should let you see my
telescope."

> Ami's eyes widened. "Do you mean that?"

> "Of course," Shigure shrugged, as if it was no big deal. "I
got
it from an uncle as a present."
>
 Ami shook her head. "I didn't know that."
>
 "There's much about me that you don't know, Ami,"
>
 Ami looked at Shigure. There was something about the way he
said her
name that affected her so. And the tone in which he said it. He
almost
sounded--sad. She wondered why.
>
 "Are you thinking about what I said last week?" Ami asked
softly,
>touching his knee.

> Shigure grinned. "The part when you offered to sleep with me?"

> Ami had to blush. She remembered about the promise she had
made.
"No, not that. When I said that I shouldn't be around you,
that I could
>do better, you seemed...upset. Did I make you angry?"

> He turned away. "Nah. It was just something you would say."

> Ami bit her lower lip. "I didn't mean it, you know. It just
slipped
out of my mouth." She paused. Shigure still hadn't turn to
look at her.
>At that moment, more than anything, she wanted him to look at
her.
She wondered why. "It gets very naughty sometimes, you know."

>
 This time he turned and looked at her. He was grinning. "You're
very sweet, do you know that?"

> Ami looked down. "No. You never told me."

> "Ami, I tell you every week how much I wanted to take your
clothes
off," he answered.
>
 "But that was just talk. It was just something you would say,"
Ami
>said, repeating what he had said earlier. "Besides, me being
sweet
is so much more different than me being desired."
>
 He was amused. "Do you think that, Ami? That I desire you?"

>
 Ami blushed.
>
 "I have to admit that I like you very much," he confessed.
"Much
>more than I would usually do. You are different from other girls,
Ami.
There's something about you that turns me on. And I intend to
find
>out."

> "Can you please not speak that way?" Ami said nervously.

> He laughed. "Am I making you nervous, Ami?" He leaned closer
to
her and she felt his warm breath on her face. He lowered his
voice.
>"You still have that promise to keep, you know."

> Ami gulped. This was it. She was going to close her eyes and
and
wake up in the morning like she always do, but minus her
innocence.

>They were going to do it, probably right here. But she still
didn't
know whether she would enjoy it. She was very confused as
of then.

>
 "I'm going to kiss you, so don't slap me, all right?" Shigure

>said. Ami nodded, her eyes wide with fear.

> He kissed her. She didn't know what to do. She had never
been
kissed before. She assumed that she was doing all right cause
he

>didn't complain. She must have kissed back. She wasn't sure. She
wasn't
even sure how long they were at it. God, he was so warm,
she didn't

>think she could handle--

> Shigure pulled back suddenly, his eyes going left and then

right. He had heard something, Ami realised. She strained her
ears,

>trying to listen to something, but failed. She pulled at
Shigure's
sleeve. "What is it?" she whispered, afraid.

>
 Shigure stood, his senses very alert. He didn't get to answer.

>Something moved in the bushes behind them and pounced on
Shigure.
Ami fell back from the bench trying to get out of the
way. In the

>semi-darkness she could make out Shigure struggling with what
appeared
to be a--dog? Whose dog was prowling the streets at
nights like this?

>It must be a stray. She could make out Shigure trying to push
the
dog away, muttering words under his breath she had never even
known

>existed.

> In her fear, she whistled. She also had a dog and would
always
whistle if it got out of hand. She didn't think it would
work, not

>on other dogs, but much to her amazement and puzzlement, it
worked!
The dog stopped rolling around with Shigure and trotted to
her,

>its tail wagging happily behind it.

> Ami almost fainted. It was HER dog.

> How did it come loose?

> "Rover," she crooned, rubbing the canine's fur. It must
have
somehow gotten loose and had traced her here. Rover had never
liked

>strangers, and had probably attacked Shigure thinking that
she
needed protection.

>
 Good dog.

>
 "Is that yours?" Shigure called from her back. She nodded.

>
 "Yeah. I got him from an uncle as a present."

>
 "Nice doggie," he said dryly. Ami walked over to him and helped

>him up. "He must have thought that you were attacking me. He
doesn't
really like guys, especially the ones he doesn't know. He
is very

>possessive of me," Ami said, smiling.

> "I can see that," Shigure mumbled. He had dog hair all over
him.
Ami was sorry for him, but was also kinda glad. Her destiny
was

>delayed because of Rover. She wasn't exactly mad.
> But when he drove them to her house and not to his, she began to get worried. Rover was sitting quietly at the backseat. Shigure

>walked her to her door, stopping only at the front door when she reached into her bag for her keys. She hoped that he wasn't planning

>to stay at her house tonight. Her mother might come home any minute and might not like him.

>
 She was even more surprised when Shigure declined her offer

>to come in. Why was he acting this way? Was it because of her dog? Was it because he stank of her dog? Or was it because SHE stank of

>her dog? Her fear was replaced with anxiety. She had been preparing herself for the inevitable, but somehow things weren't going the way

>she thought it would be.

> "Are you sure you don't want to come in for coffee?" she asked again, inserting the key into the key-hole. "I make good coffee."

>
 "I'm sure you do," Shigure said softly. He backed up a step.

>"Well, good night. I see you around, okay? I don't think we'll be seeing a lot of each other now that I won. I'll keep in touch." He

>turned around and began to walk to his car.

> Ami was surprised. She left her keys in the hole and followed him. "Where are you going?"

>
 "Home. Bed. Sleep," he answered, not even turning to look at

>her. "It's late, Ami. You shouldn't be out here alone."

> Ami paused. "I've got you here with me."

> He stopped in front of his car and turned. "You hardly know me."

>
 Ami sighed. "I still have my promise to keep."

>
 He waved her remark away. "Nah, that's okay. I know you've

>never done it."

> She was surprised. She believed her jaw actually dropped to the ground. "How do you know?" she demanded.

>
 He was nonchalant. "The way you walk. The way you talk."

>He smiled at her. "It shows."

> She was curious, and mad. "What's wrong with the way I walk?"
she almost yelled.

>
 He sighed and turned away. "Good night."

>
 "Wait!" Ami said, catching his shoulder. She had to know.

>"Is it something I did?" she said, her heart jumping in her chest.
"Is that why you don't want to sleep with me?"

>
 Shigure held her shoulders. "No, it was nothing that you did.

>That's not why I refused your offer. You made it out of jest, you didn't even want it to happen. I'm not stupid. I'm perceptive,

>that's what. And I want to be the last person to rob you of your innocence."

>
 Ami shook her head. "Is there something wrong with me?"

>Physically? Is it because the upper portion of my body is not

as
big as other girls'? Is that it?"
>
 Shigure laughed. "Stop that. You sound ridiculous."
>
 "But is it?" Ami demanded.
>
 Shigure looked over her quickly. "You look fine," he said,

>slightly embarrassed.

> Ami found herself blushing. "Fine? Just fine? Toasted bread
with
jam is fine. What do you mean, fine?"
>
 "All right, Ami, you look so damn sexy I wanna take you
here right now," Shigure said.

> "You're lying," Ami muttered.

> "There you go saying I'm lying again. Why won't you believe
me
when I said that you look fine?" Shigure said.
>
 Ami shook her head. "I don't know what to believe anymore."

>
 She was surprised when Shigure took her into his arms and

>held her close to his body. She rested her head against his
chest.
"Ami, believe me when I say that I still do want to take
your
>clothes off. But I just think that I should give you more time."

> Ami chuckled. "You shouldn't talk that way, you know."

> Shigure held her at an arm's length. "I like you, I really
do. I
don't know, but my feelings might go even deeper than just
>'I like you'. But whatever it is, I know you are not ready.
You
need time. And I intend on giving you that. It's the least I can

>do."

> Ami looked up at him. He sounded so wise. "Do you really
mean
that?"
>
 "Yes, Ami."
>
 A pause ensued. Then... "Are you sure it's not because of
my hips?"

> "Ami," Shigure warned.

> "Sorry."

> He kissed her before he left. He gave her one of those
stupid
smiles again. "Remember, Ami, about your promise. I'll come
back one day, to make sure you keep it. Be sure that I
will.
You'd better not be fooling around with anybody else, you
hear?"
>
 It was too much for Ami. He sounded like a father who was

>scolding his daughter for eating too many Popsicles. "Roger,
sir,"
she joked.
>
 He climbed into his car and rolled down the window. He reached

>out and caressed her cheek. "You're very sweet, you know that?"
he
said softly.
>
 "I know," Ami said, nodding. "You told me."
>
 "'Bye, Ami. See ya around."
>
 "'Bye."
>
 She woke up the next day still a virgin.
>
 I guess this is the end?
>
*****10/12/1999
>
Author's notes: I know, this is a weird story, but I just had to
have it
>typed out. I wanna see if any of you share my feelings on this
story.

>

>

End
file.